Prin. O my ſweet beeffe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I finde one that can ſteale wel? O, for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or ther about; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praiſe them. *Prince Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*,
Go, *Peto*, to horſe for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hoſtes*, my breakefaſt come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not though flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my harts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.